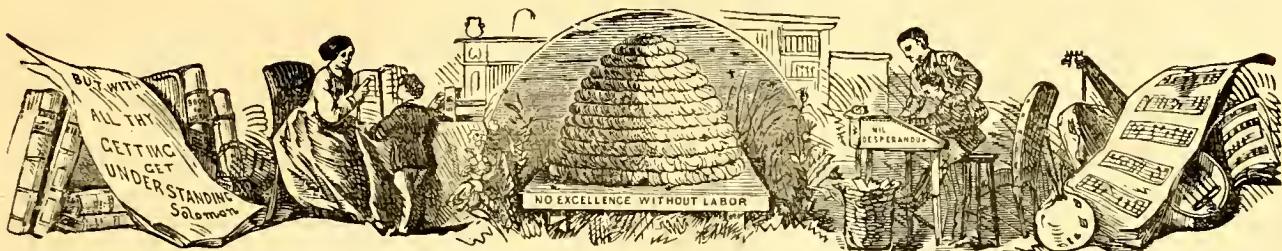


THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



VOL. XIII.

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NO. 16.

A PERILOUS BUSINESS.

IN the Atlantic Ocean, away north of Scotland, and between Iceland and Norway, there is a group of islands, known as the Faroe Islands. Though numbering twenty-two, only seventeen of these islands are inhabited, the others being too small and barren for man to subsist upon. The largest island is only twenty-seven miles long and seven miles wide, and the whole of them are noted for their rocky, precipitous and dangerous coasts and numerous inlets, or "fjords." This group has been notorious at different times in the past as being the seat of pirates and smugglers; but the present inhabitants, a hardy, industrious race, descended from the ancient Norsemen, numbering about 10,000, make their living principally by catching birds and fishing. The islands are now under the dominion of Denmark.

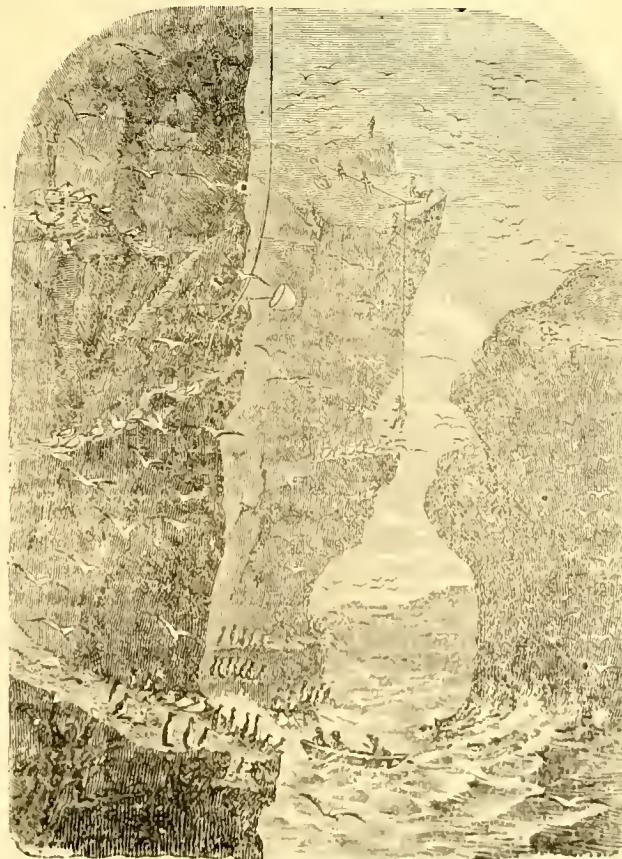
Our young readers who have grown up in this country would probably think the Faroe Islands a very curious and rather disagreeable place to live if they were transported there, there is such a difference between the climate, mode of living, and almost everything else of that country and ours. Many of us almost feel like complaining at having to work so hard during the summer to provide for the winter season, when we cannot work to advantage; but in this respect our situation is not to be compared to the people of the Faroe Islands, where winter is almost one continuous night. The shortest day in the winter there is four hours, and the longest day of summer is twenty-four hours. But perhaps the most objectionable feature about that country as a residence is the

dangerous and precarious way of providing for a living to which the people have to resort. Fishing is very hazardous on account of the general roughness of the water and the numerous whirlpools and rapids, and bird-catching is one of the most dangerous pursuits that man can follow. Some idea of its perils may be obtained from the picture given herewith,

which illustrates the methods followed there of catching the birds. The birds upon the lower edges of rock are auks, very curious creatures that have such small wings that they are no use for flying. Their legs are also set very far back upon the body, and are so short that they can scarcely walk but waddle from side to side when moving on land in a very awkward manner. Of course when on land they are very easily caught. They are essentially ocean birds, and seldom leave the water except to lay their eggs and breed, which they do in the crags and cannies of rocks. Each mother bird lays one very large egg, and when the young are hatched they are fed from the crops of the old ones, even after they can get about and procure food for themselves. They dive well and swim with great swiftness, using their wings as oars.

The manner in which the natives of the Faroe Islands pursue the dangerous business of bird-catching is described as follows:

"The cliffs which contain the object of their search, are often two hundred fathoms in height, and are sealed both above and below. In the first case, the fowlers provide themselves with a rope eighty or a hundred fathoms in length. The



fowler fastening one end about his waist, and between his legs, recommends himself to the protection of the Almighty, and is lowered down by six others, who place a piece of timber on the margin of the rock, to preserve the rope from wearing against the sharp edge. They have, besides, a small line fastened to the body of the adventurer, by which he gives signals, that they may lower or raise him, or shift him from place to place. The last operation is attended with great danger, by the loosening of the stones, which often fall on his head, and would infallibly destroy him, were he not protected by a strong thick cap; but even this is found unequal to save him against the weight of the larger fragments of rock. The dexterity of the fowlers is amazing; they will place their feet against the front of the precipice, and dart themselves some fathoms from it; with a cool eye survey the places where the birds nestle, and again shoot into their haunts. In some places the birds lodge in deep recesses. The fowler will alight there, disengage himself from the rope, fix it to a stone, and at his leisure collect the booty, fasten it to his girdle, and resume his pendulous seat. At times he will again spring from the rock, and in that attitude, with a fowling-net placed on a staff, catch the old birds that are flying to and from their retreats. When he has finished his dreadful employ, he gives a signal to his friends above, who pull him up, and share his hard-earned prolix. The feathers are preserved for exportation; the flesh is partly eaten fresh, but the greater part is dried for winter's provision.

"The fowling from below has also its share of danger. The party goes on the expedition in a boat; and when it has attained the base of the precipice, one of the most daring, having fastened a rope about his waist, and furnished himself with a long pole, with an iron hook at one end, either climbs or is thrust up by his companions, who place a pole under his breech, to the next footing spot he can reach. He, by means of the rope, brings up one of the boat's crew; others are drawn up in the same manner, and each is furnished with his rope and fowling staff. They then continue their progress upwards in the same manner, till they arrive at the regions of the birds, and wander about the face of the cliff in search of them. They then act in pairs: one fastens himself to the end of his associate's rope, and, in places where the birds have nestled beneath his footing, he permits himself to be lowered down, depending for his security on the strength of his companion, who has to haul him up again; but it sometimes happens that the person above is overpowered by the weight, and both inevitably perish. They fling the fowl into the boat, which attends their motions, and receives the booty. They often pass seven or eight days in this tremendous employ, and lodge in the crannies which they find in the face of the precipice."

A tale is told of one of these men who had entered such a cavern and in the excitement produced by finding its floor all strewn over with eggs, forgot the rope and loosened his hold: in a moment it was gone, and as he turned he saw it swinging at the mouth of the cavern. In vain he tried to reach it, it was beyond his grasp; he tried again and again, but all to no purpose; while, as if in mockery of his dismay, it swung idly in the air, just passing beyond his reach. What was he to do? A projection of rock concealed him from the observation of those above, while the roar of the sea prevented their hearing his cries. If they drew up the rope and found him not there, he knew they would conclude he had lost his hold and dropped into the sea, and he would then be left to starve in the cave.

The rope still kept passing backward and forward, as if tantalizing him with the hope of escape. Every minute now

seemed an age; at length, almost wild with despair, he formed the desperate resolution to spring at the rope as it passed by him. He watched for a favorable opportunity and leaped from the cave: fortunately he was successful in catching it with a firm grasp, and was safely drawn again to the top.

AN EXAMPLE OF PERSEVERANCE.

DAVID ROBERTS, THE PAINTER.

ONE can hardly fail to derive encouragement from the remarkable career of David Roberts. There is an inspiration in his life, as in the glowing canvas which he covered with such forms of beauty. Art is universal; she denies her favors to none; perhaps she is most liberal to those who stand in greatest need of them. At all events, Roberts in his early years was not surrounded by an atmosphere calculated to foster a love of art. In him it was innate, and the artistic bias developed itself under the most unfavorable circumstances. The son of a poor shoemaker, he was born at Stockbridge, a suburb of Edinburgh, in 1796. His first education was received at a dame's school, who charged threepence per week for her instructions, and, it may be, valued them at their just rate. He was next placed under a rough domine, whose great weapon was a thick cane, and who, by his cruel treatment, gave Robert's an antipathy to book learning for the remainder of his life.

Meanwhile, he amused his leisure moments by drawing rude figures of lions and snakes, copied from the sketches which he had seen exhibited outside certain traveling menageries. For canvas he used the white-washed kitchen wall, and for brush and colors a lump of red chalk. These "gruesome things," however, were touched with so much vigor that a gentleman who called on some errand connected with his father's trade inquired the name of their artist.

"Hoot," said Mrs. Roberts, with true maternal pride, "it's just our laddie David. He's been up the Mound seeing a wild beast show, and he's caulked them there to let me see them."

The visitor thought well enough of the caulkings to advise the apprenticeship of "our laddie David" to an ornamental house-painter, who employed him in grinding colors for twelve hours a day at the munificent wage of two shillings weekly, raised in the following year to half a crown.

He was harshly treated by his passionate master, and his energies were taxed to the uttermost; yet he continued to cultivate his artistic genius, devoting many an hour of the night to his lonely labors. When his apprenticeship was concluded, he joined a traveling circus as scene-painter, at a weekly salary of twenty-five shillings, but the proprietor failed, and Roberts again turned house-painter. He was conscious of powers which only required development to secure renown; but he was too wise to muse over useless ambition, and, turning to the work that lay nearest his hand, he did it with all his might, contented to "bide his time."

To some the time never comes—at least, in this world—but to our persevering, patient, young Scotchman it came after a weary trial. At Edinburgh he obtained an engagement as theatrical scene-painter, and formed an acquaintance, which ripened into a friendship, with Clarkson Stanfield, the great marine painter. From him he learned many useful art-lessons, and at his instigation began to paint some small landscape

pictures for exhibition, devoting half the night to this "fearful joy" after his hard day's work at the theatre.

Passing rapidly, as I must do, over his eventful career, I find him, in 1822, scene-painter at Drury Lane Theatre, London, with an income which has risen to £250 per annum. Here his bold and faithful efforts secured the applause of the public, while his pictures at the exhibitions attracted the admiration of connoisseurs. Year by year they grew in greater demand. Year by year he painted with greater force and faithfulness. He was able, in due time, to devote himself entirely to the higher branches of his art, and traveling in France and Spain, in Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land, transferred his impressions of their wondrous beauty to canvas which has surely become imperishable. It matters not with what materials genius works; it infuses into them something of its own immortal spirit. You may grind a block of marble into dust; but give it only the sculptor's hands, and let him fashion out of it a *Venus de Medici!* Thenceforth it is indestructible.

Roberts, in 1854, was elected a Royal Academician. He had thus attained to the foremost rank of his profession; he, the shoemaker's son, the house-painter's apprentice, the scene-painter to a traveling circus! Such a career seems to me replete with counsel and encouragement for the young. Not that all possess the genius of David Roberts, but that all may imitate his steady devotion to work, his courageous patience, his unflinching persistency. Not every lad who daubs his fingers with sepia and carmine, or experiments in coloring on his sister's doll, can become a Royal Academician, however great his energy or untiring his toil; but sure I am that he may do good service in his generation, may accomplish much honorable and useful labor, and earn the crown of a contented conscience. If his work wins no brilliant recompense from the outside world, it will prove its own exceeding great reward by the happy thoughts and pleasant fancies which all honest work cannot fail to suggest.

It is pleasant to know that Roberts was not spoiled by prosperity, but retained to the last a loyal and generous soul. On one occasion a poor artist waited on him with some of his sketches. He wanted encouragement, advice, employment. Perhaps he betrayed too much of the self-pride of youth, for Roberts received him with scant cordiality, and exclaimed:

"You intend to set the Thames a fire, I suppose, like most young fellows from the North. Not so easy; there are clever young men here, too, and you'll find it hard work to keep abreast of them. It's the old story; but you will not find London streets paved with gold."

The poor artist, astonished and wounded, and with tearful eyes, stammered out an apology, lifted up his portfolio, and prepared to withdraw. Roberts noticed his distress, immediately dropped his mask, bade the young man be seated, and, taking up his sketches, examined them carefully. At the same time he plied him with cunning inquiries as to his wishes, hopes, prospects; ascertained that he was without resources; that he could neither pay the rent of his mean lodgings, nor earn enough to keep the wolf from the door. So, after showing him one of his pictures, and letting drop some valuable advice, he handed him a letter to an eminent firm of picture-dealers. Then, the young man went his way rejoicing. The firm purchased all his sketches, and commissioned him to execute some more. With money ringing in his pocket, and glad hopes throbbing in his brain, he left the shop. To walk was impossible. He ran; he ran rapidly; "Light Camilla" never "skinned the plain" more swiftly than he

the hard London pavement; he paid his debts; and entered at once on a career which has led to more than ordinary distinction.—

The Boy makes the Man.

THE GOSPEL PRINCIPLES.

BY DANIEL TYLER.

THE GODHEAD.

(Continued.)

BEFORE leaving the subject of the Godhead, I wish to show that the doctrine enunciated by Joseph Smith that men might become as Gods is a scripture doctrine. All claim Jesus as one of the three persons of the Godhead. Paul says He is our elder brother. He also says we shall be heirs of God and joint heirs with Him. What! joint heirs with the second person in the Godhead? So said the inspired Apostle, and "the scriptures cannot be broken." Joint heirs is where two or more hold in common. And His (God's) name shall be in their foreheads (Rev. xxii, 4). In the 7th chapter we are told that one hundred and forty four thousand shall be sealed with the seal of the living God in their foreheads. In another place the same writer says that Jesus shall be crowned King of kings and Lord of lords. Now He could not be so crowned unless there were other kings and lords besides Him and under Him. John says Jesus "gave all who received him power to become the sons of God." In fact, the Lord's prayer implies that all who use prayer legitimately are sons and daughters of God. Otherwise it would be mockery to say "Our Father." Jesus said He and His Father were one—God the Father and God the Son. He prayed that His disciples and all who believed on Him, through their word, might be one, even in the same sense that He and the Father were one; or, to use His own words, "even as we are one." This opens up an extensive field of thought. Is it true that Jesus, under His Father, is to be Lord of lords, the "elder brother" among the "joint heirs with him?" and that the joint heirs are to be acknowledged lords as well as Himself? Perhaps some of our Christian friends will claim that such an idea is preposterous—blasphemous. Well, so thought the Jews when Jesus taught the same doctrine. We might quote many passages to the same effect, but our space will only admit one, with a few remarks.

St. Paul, the great Apostle to the Gentiles, says, in the 2nd chapter of Philippians, 5th and 6th verses, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." What mind was that? Read the connection, and see: "Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God." Have the same mind or ambition is the exhortation. To seek the same thing. The Apostle also says, "There are lords many and gods many, but to us there is but one God." Jesus is our Lord and we may be lords under him, He being Lord of lords, our posterity standing to us as we stand to our Father, He being over all. Who then is our Father?

It is the mark of a noble nature to be quick to recognize that which is praiseworthy in others, and ready on the moment to award to it its fitting meed. Such a nature looks for that which is good in men; sees it, encourages it, and gives it the strength of its endorsement.

HABITS TO BE AVOIDED.

WE were informed a short time since that numbers of young women in our community were in the habit of taking arsenic in small doses with an idea that it tends to beautify their complexions and increase their charms. This is no new idea. Arsenic-eating is a habit that thousands of persons in different parts are addited to. It is a habit, too, that is most dreadful in its effects, frequently resulting in destroying the physical and mental constitution of the person indulging in it. We are unwilling to believe that any young lady among the Latter-day Saints who has any regard for her religion or the teachings of the Priesthood would deliberately ruin herself by eating arsenic. If it really is indulged in, it must be by some who either know or care very little about the teachings of the gospel.

Our creed teaches us to govern our appetites, to avoid the use of those things which tend to shorten life and make slaves of us. To make our duty as plain as possible to us, the Lord has given us a "Word of Wisdom," in which are enumerated many of the things that we should avoid. But all of the hurtful things indulged in by human beings are not mentioned there. There are many things that are injurious in their nature that our own good sense should prompt us to avoid. Denying ourselves any of these indulgences need not be considered as entailing our liberties, our enjoyment or our happiness. It is but exercising our judgment wisely. It is the surest means of enhancing our health and happiness. A person may enjoy all the happiness that this world affords without ever learning the taste of tea, coffee, tobacco, wine, whisky, arsenic, opium, or any of the other injurious substances that the depraved appetites of men and women lead them to indulge in.

We have thousands of examples on record of men, yes, and women too, possessed of the very brightest intellects, and the strongest kind of will power (when exercised in any other direction than controlling their own appetites) falling slaves to their own vicious, depraved appetites. Many of these victims have left to the world their sober declarations that they were conscious that the indulgence would ruin them, bodily and mentally; yet they had no power to control themselves, and must go on in the suicidal practice to satisfy their appetites.

In view of these facts, any young person may well hesitate before indulging for the first time in any of these things, lest an appetite be awakened beyond his or her power to control. The good effects to be derived from any such indulgence are purely imaginary. The Almighty has provided us with plenty of nourishing and stimulating food to eat, and pure water to drink; and if these are not sufficient, we are inclined to think a study of the various useful herbs surrounding us would reveal to us all that is necessary to keep our bodies in a healthy condition.

The Latter-day Saints, of all other people, should abstain from injurious indulgences. We should set the world an example in this respect. We expect to raise up through our children a superior race, possessed of great mental and bodily strength. To do this, we must shun the use of things that entail upon those who use them and their children after them disease and suffering, and weakened constitutions. We should not only avoid those flagrant evils and glaring vices, which are so apparent to everybody, but we should also beware of those smaller, insidious evils, which we are so apt to regard with unconcern. Tea and coffee are freely indulged in by many

Latter-day Saints, although it is condemned in the "Word of Wisdom." The evil effects arising from their use are now noticed and pointed out by scores of the best physicians in the world. Here is what one of them, in an article in the *Physiologist and Family Physician*, says of "tea-drunkards," as those persons are called who are slaves to the practice of drinking tea:

"Their number is legion; they are of both sexes, but more of women than men. Instead of using tea in moderation, or as an occasional beverage, they swill it down three or more times a day, in quantities that are incompatible with health. They are as much slaves to the tea-pot as the drunkard is to his bottle. They are tea-drunkards. Tea, in anything but great moderation, is a poison capable of ruining the stomach, enfeebling and disordering the heart's action, shattering the nerves and ruining the health and happiness of the victim. In a few words, without holding that the use of tea is as bad as the use of alcoholic liquors, one may well believe that the total abstinence reformers have, in their red-hot zeal against rum, encouraged an indulgence in tea-drinking which will one day have to be fought against with might and main to prevent the wholesale ruin of multitudes. A tea-drunkard may be defined as one who drinks strong tea several times a day, who depends on it instead of food and rest for strength, and who cannot quit its use without bringing on distressing symptoms."

Not one person in a thousand has anything like a correct idea of the extent of these pernicious indulgences in the world—indulgences that are sapping the vitals of nations. No wonder the Chinese and some other nations regard the use of opium as a national calamity, as beer-drinking is regarded in some other nations, and whisky-drinking in others. It is claimed by many that a fondness for any of these things in one generation is very apt to develop into an insatiable craving for them in the next, and thinking men are alarmed at the prospect. The following statistics upon this subject we copy from a scientific journal:

"Coffee leaves are taken, in the form of infusion, by two millions of the world's inhabitants.

"Paraguay tea is taken by ten millions.

"Cocoa by as many.

"Chicory, either pure or mixed with coffee, by forty millions.

"Cacao, either as chocolate, or in some other form, by fifty millions.

"Haschisch is eaten and smoked by three hundred millions.

"Opium by four hundred millions.

"Chine-e tea is taken by five hundred millions.

"Finally, all the known nations of the world are addicted to the use of tobacco, chiefly in the form of smoke, otherwise by snuffing or chewing.

"The matter stands thus: Every year 3,000,000,000 pounds of tea, 220,000,000 pounds of coffee and cacao, 25,000,000 pounds of opium, 200,000,000 pounds of haschisch, and 865,000,000 pounds of tobacco are consumed. Now add the quantity of ardent and alcoholic liquors used, and the figures open into a wilderness. It has been estimated, perhaps rashly, that of alcoholic liquors there is an aggregate product every year, sufficient, if collected into one sea, to keep afloat the united navies of the world. Added to all this, strichnine has been pressed into service, and is used in India in doses of one-sixteenth of a grain. The Polynesians intoxicate themselves with a liquor prepared from pepper (*Piperinbrians vel methysticum*). The Kamtschakans use the *Agaricus mascarius*, and many Eastern nations use betel-nut.

"The population of the world is probably about 1,000,000,000. Out of this number 700,000 are opium-eaters; 90,000 of the opium-eaters live in the United States. It is estimated by competent persons that twenty-hundredths of the opium sold by retailers would cover all physicians' prescriptions for the article; the other eighty-hundredths go to feed the public appetite."

SULKY FOLKS.

OF all classes the sulky folks seem to have it in their power to make a household miserable, and to take solid comfort, such as it is, in doing it. Some are affected with the dumb sulks, and others with surly and cutting replies to all questions, however kindly put and well-intentioned. Sometimes both are combined, and make up a disposition not much to be admired or respected. Whether this spirit is something of the nature of a disease, which has its paroxysms and cannot be restrained, it is not for us to decide. If it is so, a man who would invent a moral medicine for this sort of fits would be a public benefactor.

What an injured air sulky folks always assume. They appear to regard themselves as the most aggrieved people in the community, and everything you do or say appears to make them angry; and everything you don't do or say makes them angrier still. If you are not at all in their range of influence, a mere outsider, it may give you some amusement to watch the progress of the attack; but if you are a near relation it will be anything but amusing, unless your susceptibilities are of the iron-clad species. There are wives who can listen to the croak of a crow or a sulky husband with as much indifference as they do to the cluck of the setting hen at the door-step. But they are not numerous. Most people like fair weather the best.

The less you notice sulky people the better for yourself and for them. You have robbed them of half the comfort they take in this ugliness when you show them that they are not making you unhappy. It will pass away much sooner when not petted. "The moods of genius" ought not to be too much encouraged, or they will become very tyrannical.

A sensitive, loving nature has a hard lot when allied to one in any relation in life who is afflicted with this evil spirit. The best that can be done is to notice as little as possible the moods; to steel one's heart, in a manner, to indifference, and to cultivate an undergrowth of simple, enduring joys that no stranger inter-meddles with.

To those who allow this evil spirit to enter in at times, it is only just to say that you lower yourself in the esteem of all who know you, and will rapidly alienate the affection of all those who are, in your better moods, most near and dear. Is the gratification you get out of your pouts an equivalent for the respect and love of all about you?

USEFUL TALENTS.—To be a good business man, you must have some talent. Business is eminently fit for a man of genius, and to earn a livelihood is the best way to sharpen one's wits. Besides, business affairs offer better opportunities at present than the so-called professions. Therefore, our youth should be thoroughly and practically trained for business, in order that they may succeed and become a credit to whatever calling they may adopt. At the same time they should be educated not to despise labor; for, after all, it is only by hard work that we achieve any success worthy of the name.

Chapter for the Little Ones.

LEE AND HIS MOTHER.

LEE is a lit-tle boy a-bout four years of age. He lives in Cache Val-ley. He is a bright lit-tle fel-low, and is very fond of play. Like ma-ny oth-er lit-tle boys, he likes to play in the wa-ter. His moth-er has had to scold him ve-ry of-ten for go-ing in the ditch-es and get-ting wet. But some-times he is thought-less, and for-gets what she says to him. Not long a-go he came in-to the house sev-er-al times wet through. His moth-er said he must not go in the wa-ter, and said that if he did a-gain she would have to whip him. Not long af-ter-wards the fam-i-ly were sit-ting in the par-lor, and Lee came in very quiet-ly and went ov-er to the back part of the room. No one no-ticed him at first, but up-on his moth-er look-ing round, she saw him kneel-ing at the so-fa. She ask-ed him what he was do-ing there. He said he was pray-ing to the Lord to tell his moth-er not to whip him for get-ting in the wa-ter. Upon look-ing at his clothes, she found they were wet, but she had no heart to whip him.

Lee had been taught to pray, and that the Lord would hear his prayer. When he got in-to trou-ble he thought the best way was to ask the Lord to help him.

Your par-ents who are Lat-ter-day Saints al-so do this. When they get in-to trou-ble they ask the Lord to help them out.

The best way, chil-dren, is to do right, and keep out of trou-ble; but if you do need help, al-ways think of the Lord.

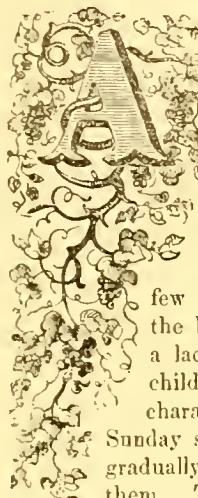
Ask Him in faith and He will as-sist you.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1878.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

 MOST pleasing sight is the gathering of the children throughout all these mountains on the Lord's day to be taught in Sunday schools. There are upwards of thirty thousand children of the Latter-day Saints who come together on that day to be thus taught. The change which has taken place in the past few years in the promotion of Sunday schools has been very great. There have been a few Sunday schools held in the Territory from the beginning of our settlement, but there was a lack of system. The efforts to teach the children on Sunday were of a more individual character than they are at present. Now our Sunday school system is very well organized, and gradually we are preparing a literature expressly for them. The results are most gratifying. The aptness with which the children drink in the principles of the gospel, and comprehend the distinctive features of our religion, is very encouraging to the teachers. The manner in which they answer questions concerning Church history, their familiarity with the Bible and the Book of Mormon, and, in many instances, the book of Covenants, shows that they are being well grounded in doctrine and Church history.

There is no larger field of usefulness to be found anywhere for the Elders of this Church than in our Sunday schools in this Territory. When an Elder goes forth into Christendom to preach the gospel, if he should succeed in baptizing from twenty to one hundred souls during a two years' mission, he thinks that he has done remarkably well and been greatly blessed. But in this Territory, the same Elder, if he were to devote his time as closely and diligently to the cultivation of the children, and the winning of souls among them, would reap a more ample and gratifying reward than would be possible abroad. Our children are open to receive truth. They have no traditions to put away but their minds are as fresh, rich soil in which the seed of truth can be dropped and where it can grow freely. This is not the case in the world. A large percentage of those who are baptized apostatize and fall away. But the children properly trained in this Church will but rarely turn away from the truth. We are glad to notice that the Presidents of stakes, the Bishops, their counselors, and the leading Elders generally, are taking great interest in the teaching of the children in the Sunday schools, and that this interest is increasing. Leading men fully understand how important it is that the rising generation should receive proper training in order to become useful and efficient members of the Church.

ONE of the most remarkable things connected with our settlement in these mountains is the character of our day schools. The original settlers of these valleys came here as religious exiles—they fled here from oppression. It was

because of their religion that they were oppressed, and these mountains were sought as a place where religious freedom could be enjoyed. It might be thought that a people who had made such sacrifices for their religion would use every means to teach it to their children. But strange to say, there are very few day schools in this Territory in which religious instruction is imparted or where the word of God is used as a text book. We know that our principles are true, that we have the pure gospel of Jesus Christ, and are fond of testifying to this, and yet we abstain from teaching our children these principles in our schools. Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists and Presbyterians all have come and started schools and they are careful to teach their scholars their religious principles and creeds. Their object is to wean the children of the Latter-day Saints from their principles. It has been repeatedly stated by these people that they had no hopes of converting the adults but that their aim was to induce the children to go to their schools and they hoped by that means to wean them from what they call "Mormonism." This is a most cunning scheme, and one that, if carried out thoroughly, could not fail to succeed to a certain extent. The influence of the teacher upon the pupil is very great. The impressions which he makes upon its mind are frequently indelible. He can plant the seeds of unbelief, he can instill doubts, he can promote error and the child is almost unconscious of the teacher's aim. It is extraordinary how careless we have been upon this point. There has been indifference shown which is astonishing. We hope that hereafter there will be a great change, and that parents will become fully alive to the danger there is in allowing their children to grow up without religious instruction or to attend schools where false doctrines are taught.

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES.—The young are very apt to allow small difficulties to stand in the way of steps they would be glad to take for their own improvement. A pen not quite good enough, or ink not just the shade, will keep them from writing a letter that should be sent, or from making notes of important items they would like to save.

A French author was shut up in a dungeon with neither pen, ink or writing paper, but he managed to write out a considerable treatise on natural history, which, on his release, he had published. He was allowed a light and some books and newspapers. He made ink from the candle-snuff, mixed with water saved from his meals, and the margin of books and papers served him to write upon, while his pen was only a stick sharpened. It is probable that he did not waste words in his writing, but that his statements were as concise as he could well make them before he put them down. It certainly shows how much can be accomplished under most unfavorable circumstances.

Many hardworking boys feel that they have no time for self-improvement, and that it is useless to try. But there was once an apprentice-boy who had more hours of work than most of boys, who read by shop-lights in the evenings, standing before one window and another until the shops were closed. He then climbed up a lamp-post and hanging on with one hand he held his book with the other for a little longer study. It is not surprising that such a boy became in time a man of learning whom the world delighted to honor. There are many possibilities in most people's lives, which if improved will lead on and up to a higher, better life. Those who are wise will seize these advantages even at much cost of personal ease and self-denial. The moments with youth are golden.

PEARLS.

ALTHOUGH Pearls are inferior in hardness and brilliancy to other gems, they are none the less precious as jewels. From the earliest antiquity they appear to have been classed with the rare and costly stones used for personal adornment. Job, who was evidently a man possessed of great knowledge of natural things, alludes to them as being inferior in value in comparison with the precious onyx, the sapphire and the ruby (28 Job.) This was two thousand one hundred and thirty years before Christ, according to accepted chronology.

Nearer to our own times we read that the opulent and extravagant among the Romans and other nations greatly prized the Pearls, and showed their estimation of them by dissolving them in the acid wines used on festive occasions. This was done probably as much to gratify the vanity of the host as to give an idea of great hospitality to the guest. It was certainly not because it improved the wine.

Cleopatra is said to have laid a wager that she would serve up her valuable Pearl earrings at a repast, and she did it, too. Pearls to the value of \$380,000 were actually drank by her visitors at a great feast.

This ancient practice was alluded to in one of the famous songs of the time of George IV., of England. It was sung by men as grossly licentious, extravagant and depraved as the Romans were, as an excuse for their orgies.

"The wealthy of Rome, at their banquets of old,
"When to those whom they honored they quaff'd,
"Throw pearls of great price in their goblets of gold,
"More costly to render the draught."

Chemically, the precious Pearl is very little else than carbonate of lime, so that the acids of wine, or any acids in solution, would completely dissolve it. This the ancients well knew. Job classes the Pearl with coral, to which it is related in its origin, both being the result of the secretion of lime by living mollusks.

In the Pearl fisheries advantage is taken of the peculiar mode of formation. Substances which are likely to irritate the mollusk are introduced into the shell, around which concentric layers of pearly matter are deposited. The shells are also artificially perforated, sometimes, and substances are inserted to which the pearly matter adheres. In this way fanciful forms are made, such as those represented in the engraving.

The shells of the muscle, oyster, avicula and haliotis are used in the arts for ornamentation. The most beautiful prismatic colors are revealed when the coarse epidermis is removed and the surface is polished. The avalonia, of California, is remarkable for beauty, and is sold in immense quantities for foreign manufacture of buhl work and other ornamental purposes.

The shell-fish producing the Pearl belongs to the genus *Mya*, species *Margaritifera*, and is said to occur abundantly on the western coasts of Central America. There were formerly

Pearl fisheries there, of which accounts are given in the government reports. The men who dive for Pearls are armed with pointed staves. They dive in four or five fathoms of water, and when they find a Pearl-bearing oyster, rise to the surface and place it in a sack hung at the vessel's side. The presence of the Pearl in a shell is known to experts by shaking it. The quantity obtained by the diver is not all his own; the owner of the vessel receives a share, the government has its ratio, and the poor diver receives what is left. In oriental India a pearl muscle is obtained. Sowerby names it the *Mytilus Margaritiferus*, the shell of which is the well known "mother of pearl." The Scotch Pearl fisheries were once famous. We read of Seville having imported 697 pounds of pearls in 1587. A famous pearl belonging to Marguerita and Philip II. was valued at £31,875, an immense sum in those days. This indeed was a Pearl of great price.'

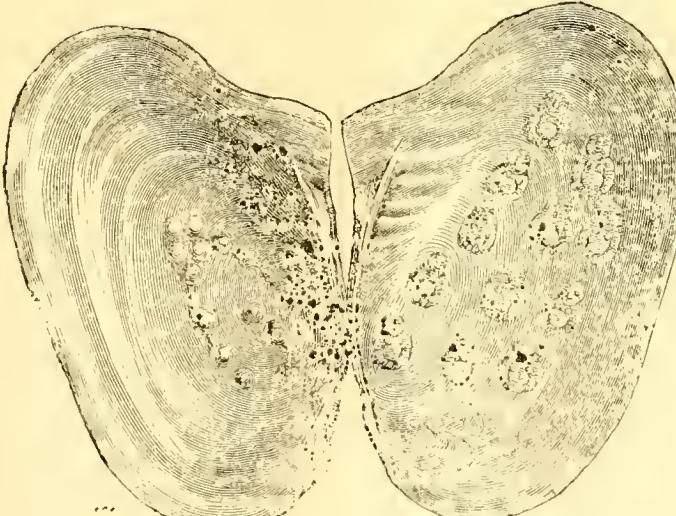
Of the estimation in which the Pearl was held in the days of our Savior we may form an idea by his allusion to it in one of His parables. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls; who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it." We also find that John, in the Revelations,

alluding to the glories of the New Jerusalem, says: "The twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was one pearl." No language could better enable us to form an exalted conception of the superb architecture, the magnificence and beauty of the New Jerusalem, notwithstanding the simplicity of its style.

The nacreous lustre of the avalonia, together with its beautiful prismatic colors, make it of great value for ornamental purposes. Many tons of this shell are collected on the western coast of America and exported to

Europe. The ancient Indians used this shell extensively for making "charms," and even to-day the red men traffic in them. The shell itself (haliotis) is, in its rough state, possessed of no attractions. The inside frequently contains protuberances, which, when carefully taken off and polished, become jewels of great value, calling to mind the ideas of the poet:

"Full many a gem of beauty, rich and rare,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."



THE ORIGIN OF THE TURKISH CRESCENT. The Crescent, the national standard of Turkey, is said to have owed its origin to a strange circumstance. According to the legend, the Sultan Othman, founder of the Ottoman Power, saw on one occasion in a vision a crescent moon, which appeared to keep increasing till it stretched from the east to the west; and it is said that the sight so impressed him (perhaps he thought he could see in it some symbol of his own empire's future extension) that he was at once led to adopt the crescent for his imperial banner.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

(Continued.)

IN the days of Joseph, to appear like a prophet according to the popular idea, a man should wear a long beard, long hair, and dress in an outlandish style. If he did not wash himself and clean and pare his nails, it would be all the better. He should not smile and be merry. When he spoke, his voice should be deep and solemn; when he walked, his tread should be slow and measured. If he lived in a cave, it would suit many people better than if he lived in a house. He should be different to other men in every respect. Of course, those who had these ideas of what a prophet should be, were much disappointed in Joseph, for if a prophet should talk, dress and act in this manner, he was very unlike one. He wore no beard, did not have long hair, and was very cleanly in his person, dressed with taste, had a pleasant face, a sweet smile, a cheerful and joyous manner, and was natural. He was the very opposite of what a religious bigot would think a prophet ought to be; and he never took any pains to be otherwise. He was a great hater of sham. He disliked long-faced hypocrisy, and numerous stories are told of his peculiar manner of rebuking it. He knew that what many people call sin is not sin, and he did many things to break down superstition. He would wrestle, play ball, and enjoy himself in physical exercises, and he knew that he was not committing sin in so doing. The religion of heaven is not to make men sorrowful, to curtail their enjoyment and to make them groan and sigh and wear long faces; but to make them happy. This Joseph desired to teach the people; but in doing so, he, like our Savior when He was on the earth, was a stumbling-block to bigots and hypocrites. They could not understand him; he shocked their prejudices and traditions. A great change has taken place in the feelings of the world on these subjects since his death. The course taken by Latter day Saints, with their teachings, have had the effect of helping to bring about this change. We prove to the world that we can dance and have other amusements, and yet be happy and free from sin. The strong blows which Joseph dealt to sectarianism and sham were felt, and good effects have followed.

Joseph labored incessantly in various ways to advance the cause. Looking after the general business of the Church, receiving revelations, translating, preaching and writing letters, kept him constantly busy. He commenced the translation of the Book of Abraham, which he published in the *Times and Seasons*. He also counseled the sisters to form an organization to be known as "The Female Relief Society of Nauvoo." The Saints exerted themselves to build the Temple, and private dwellings arose in every quarter of the city. Those were busy days, and the people had in Joseph's energy and industry an example worthy of imitation. Under the date of the 1st of May, 1842, we find the following recorded:

"I spent the day in the upper part of the Store, * * * in council with General James Adams, of Springfield, Patriarch Hyrum Smith, Bishops Newel K. Whitney and George Miller, and Presidents Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards, instructing them in the principles and order of the Priesthood, attending to washings, anointings,

endowments, and the communication of the Keys of the Aaronic Priesthood, and so on to the highest order of the Melchisedee Priesthood, setting forth the order pertaining to the Ancient of Days, and all those plans and principles by which any one is enabled to secure the fullness of those blessings which have been prepared for the Church of the First Born, and come up and abide in the presence of the Elohim in the eternal worlds. In this Council was instituted the ancient order of things for the first time in these last days. And the communications I made to this Council were of things spiritual, and to be received only by the spiritually minded: and there was nothing made known to these men, but what will be made known to all the Saints of the last days, so soon as they are prepared to receive, and a proper place is prepared to communicate them, even to the weakest of the Saints; therefore let the Saints be diligent in building the Temple, and all houses which they have been, or shall hereafter be commanded of God to build; and wait their time with patience in all meekness, faith and perseverance unto the end, knowing assuredly that all these things referred to, in this Council, are always governed by the principle of revelation."

And under the date of the next day, the 5th of May, he recorded:

"General Adams started for Springfield, and the remainder of the Council of yesterday, continued their meeting at the same place, and myself and brother Hyrum received in turn from the other, the same I had communicated the day previous."

On the 7th of July the Nauvoo Legion was on parade and was reviewed by Joseph. Judge Stephen A. Douglas was holding court at the time at Carthage; but there was so much curious excitement prevailing respecting this military parade and review that he adjourned the Circuit Court. He and some of the principal lawyers came to Nauvoo for the occasion. There were a large number of strangers present. After the review the generals and their staffs, with their wives, and Judge Douglas and his friends, dined at Joseph's house. In the afternoon the Legion was separated into cohorts, and fought an animated sham battle. In relation to this sham battle, and John C. Bennett's conduct on that occasion in regard to himself, Joseph writes as follows:

"I was solicited by General Bennett to take command of the first cohort during the sham battle; this I declined. General Bennett next requested me to take my station in the rear of the cavalry, without my staff, during the engagement; but this was counteracted by Captain A. F. Rockwood, Commander of my Life Guards, who kept close to my side, and I chose my own position. And if General Bennett's true feelings towards me are not made manifest to the world in a very short time, then it may be possible, that the gentle breathings of that Spirit, which whispered me on parade, that 'there was mischief concealed in that sham battle,' were false; a short time will determine the point. Let John C. Bennett answer at the day of judgment, 'Why did you request me to command one of the cohorts, and also take my position without my Staff, during the sham battle, on the 7th of May, 1842, where my life might have been the forfeit, and no man have known who did the deed?'"

How correct Joseph's conclusions were respecting Bennett our readers will learn as we proceed. His true feelings towards Joseph were manifested to the world in a very short time, and the gentle breathings of the Spirit were proved to be true.

(To be Continued.)

A MAN WHO LIVED WITH NATURE.

THERE is in the State of Massachusetts—that “little sister” which was the last to join the Union—a town called Concord, to which a Frenchman named Thoreau emigrated in the early years of this century, and set up the trade of a lead-pencil maker. His pencils were both good and cheap, and his industry prospered so well that he was able to give his sons the best education the neighborhood afforded. One of them became a very remarkable man, though never a rich one, and it is a sketch of his history I am going to give you.

He was one of Nature’s poets, and content with little; one of Nature’s gentlemen, courteous to all. He was the friend of two distinguished Americans, Emerson and Channing; and wrote several books which are well known. His peculiar gift was the wonderful attraction he possessed for animals. Birds, beasts and fishes trusted and came to him as they are said to have done to St. Francis, of Assisi. The ruling passion of later years was a burning hatred of slavery, and shame of it as an American institution.

Henry David Thoreau was born at Concord, in 1817, and when old enough was sent to Harvard University, where he is said to have made no friends among the students, and to have been regarded by the masters as a dull boy. Still he must have loved and pursued his studies in his own way, as he had a turn for mathematics which led him to learn mensuration, and in course of time to become a land surveyor; and we find that the companions of his solitude were Virgil and Homer.

After leaving the university he tried teaching for a time; and then was a great assistance to his father in the manufacture of pencils, which business he threw up, to the great vexation of his friends, that he might devote himself to land-surveying. Here he noticed a thousand things about the soil—its capabilities, its natural products, and its peculiarities—that the farmers did not know themselves; and as this was a kind of superiority they could appreciate, they learned to respect, admire and love him, though at first they thought him an odd, unaccountable sort of personage. During his leisure time he and his brother John built themselves a boat, loaded it with potatoes and melons of their own growing, provided it with wheels that it might be taken out of the water and wheeled round the falls and rapids, and set forth on a week’s voyage up the Concord and Merrimac rivers. Their adventures, and especially their observations on the vegetation they saw, and the creatures whose habits they studied, formed the subject of Thoreau’s first book, in which he tells us that they celebrated their return by buying an apple tart at a village near the bank, dividing it between them, and devouring the contents of the newspaper in which it had been wrapped with as much relish as the pie.

Then he made some adventurous climbs among the mountains at no great distance from his home, carrying a stout stick and a few necessaries in a brown paper parcel; and feeding on the raspberries and blueberries which grew on the hill-sides, unless good fortune led his steps to a settler’s hut or a solitary farm. He followed no beaten tracks, but found his way straight from point to point as he wished, guided by some marvelous instinct, or perhaps by some subtle indications known only to himself, after the manner of the Indians. His experience on these journeys he published in a volume entitled, “A Walk to Wachusett.”

Finding his needs so few, and the pleasures born of sea and sky so many, he resolved to live alone; and instead of betaking himself Diogenes-like to a tub, he purchased the boards of an Irishman’s shanty, and built himself a house in Walden Wood, about a mile and a half from Concord. He said that he went to the woods because he wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if he could learn what Nature had to teach. Here he earned his food by the labor of his hands, cultivated his own beans and peas, and made his own bread, after a fashion. Half a dozen rods off was a pond, and he tells us that in his garden grew the “strawberry, blackberry, and life-everlasting, John’s-wort and golden-rod, shrub-oaks, and sand-cherry, blueberry, and ground-nut.”

Having but few visitors, and no neighbors within a mile, he honestly tried what the lower creatures could do for him, and soon became on the most intimate terms with them. The fishes came, as it seemed, into his hand if he but dipped it in the stream; the mice would come and playfully eat out of his fingers, and the mole paid him friendly visits; sparrows alighted on his shoulder at his call; birds built in his shed; and the wild partridge with her brood came and fed quietly beneath his window, as he sat and looked at them. Snakes coiled harmlessly around his legs; he gently pulled woodchucks from their holes by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection. One house, which had probably never seen a man before, made its nest under the floor while the house was being built, ran over the master’s feet and picked up his crumbs, and at length sat in his hand to nibble a piece of cheese held between his thumb and finger, after which it cleaned its face and paws like a fly and walked away.

One particular little squirrel of a rather uncommon species Thoreau made his guest for a while, that he might observe its habits and mode of movement, and when he had seen as much as he wished to see of it, took the nimble creature back to the tree where he had caught it. But the squirrel had no desire to return to the woods, and crept into the wooden house again, time after time, till at length it not only refused to be put on a bough, but nestled in its friend’s hands, and hid its little head in the folds of his waistcoat. Words could not have spoken more plainly, so Thoreau took it home, and made a great pet of it.

He used to walk about with an old music book under his arm in which to press plants; his pockets contained a diary and pencil, a spy-glass with which to watch the birds, a microscope, jack-knife, and ball of twine. He waded into the pools for water-plants, and could tell, by looking at a floret, how many days it had been in blossom. In his diary he had a list of flowers that should come into bloom day by day, and kept as strict an account of them as a banker of his bills. He used to say that if, like Rip Van Winkle, he fell into a trance, and woke up in his favourite swamp, he could tell by the vegetation what time of year it was, within two days. He would sit as immovable as the rock he rested on till any bird, reptile, or fish which had retired before him should come back, or even, moved by curiosity, come to him and watch him.

“Sometimes,” says a friend, “I have gone with Thoreau and some young comrades for an expedition on the river, to gather water-lilies. Upon such excursions, his resources for our entertainment were inexhaustible. He would tell stories of the Indians who once dwelt thereabout, until the children almost looked to see a red man lurking with his arrow on the shore; and every plant or flower on the bank or on the water, and every fish, turtle, frog, or lizard about us, was transformed

by the wand of his knowledge from the low form into which the spell of our ignorance had reduced it, into a mystic beauty.

One of his surprises was to thrust his hand softly into the water, and as softly raise up, before our astonished eyes, a large bright fish, which lay as contentedly in his hands as if they were old acquaintances. If the fish had also dropped a penny from its mouth, it could not have been a more miraculous proceeding to us. We could not get his secret from him."

Though our hero remained to the end a true naturalist and lover of the "lower brethren," as he called the creatures, he left Walden after living there two years and two months, believing that his life in the little wooden house had fully served his purpose, and went home again. Soon afterwards his father died, and at duty's call he devoted himself once more to lead-pencil making. He had his own mill, was remarkably punctual and prudent, and provided comfortably for those of his family who were left dependent on him.

The account of his experiment in living alone with Nature is given in his book called "Walden Wood," and the history of some of the excursions he took from thence you may perhaps read some day in his "Wilderness of Maine." But after giving himself up to business, he only indulged occasionally in his beloved wanderings, the last of which was in 1860 to Minnesota and the West.

He died in what men call the prime of life, being only forty-four. The immediate cause of his illness was a bad cold, taken while counting the rings on trees in the snowy November of 1860.

INCIDENTS OF A MISSION.

BY ELDER C.

(Concluded.)

AFTER completing his tour of Maine, ELDER C. returned early in November to Lawrence, Massachusetts, and accompanied the Saints emigrating from that place as far as New York, and saw them safely on a train bound for Zion.

On the evening of the 6th of November, ELDER C. left New York for Philadelphia, and spent the next three days in that city. He returned to New York on the 10th and went to the pier, where he had left his baggage; but, on presenting a check for his valise, he was informed by the baggage master that it had been, by mistake, given to another party, some days before. Here was a predicament. Our young missionary found himself in the streets of New York without even a change of clothing, and barely money enough to pay his fare to friends. But he did not feel so badly about it after all, for he had faith that he would not long remain in that destitute condition. There was a Saint in New York with whom he put up for a few days, until at length the agent of the line offered to pay him \$25 damage, with the understanding that if the valise should be recovered he could have it back for \$10. ELDER C. acceded to these terms, though the sum paid did not nearly renumerate him for his loss. Still it was sufficient to purchase some necessary clothing, etc., and a new valise. He never afterwards heard of the missing baggage, which contained a number of books and papers of great value to him, but not so to any one else.

During his stay in New York ELDER C. witnessed many sights that interested him, and, being of an observing turn, he drew many valuable lessons from what he saw.

In the latter part of November he returned to Salem, Massachusetts, and during the winter labored in various places in that State and in Rhode Island, occasionally baptizing a person; but holding very few public meetings. In the meantime a number of Elders had been sent to New England, and were traveling in different portions of that section, meeting, generally, with but little encouragement. Most of them returned in from two to five months after their arrival, and by the first of the following June, ELDER C. found himself the only missionary left in New England. Some of those who returned sought to persuade him to accompany them. It was a great temptation. His health was very poor, he had been a long time from home, the prejudice was, owing to sensational rumors lately published, increasing in the public mind, and the prospects for success in missionary work looked truly dark. But ELDER C. had not been released, and after a long mental struggle he resolved to remain at his post, and to faithfully perform his duties until he should be released. He continued in the field till the following August, when his release, together with a letter commanding his faithfulness, reached him. The reading of that letter was a reward for all his self-denial. To be honorably released to return home gave him such joy as only a missionary, long absent from home and friends, in the midst of arduous trials and labors, can appreciate.

He was in the western part of Massachusetts when his release reached him, and he proceeded at once to make arrangements for his departure from his field. After visiting some of the Saints scattered throughout the State, and bidding them good-by, he, in company with three of them who were going to Utah, left Boston on September 12, and six days later ELDER C. found himself at home. Drawing a veil over the scene of joy that occurred on his arrival beneath his parents' roof, he would close this narrative of some of the incidents of his mission, by bearing testimony that God was with him, that the Holy Ghost enabled him to preach the gospel with power, that the sick and afflicted were made whole by the power of God, through his administration, and that the gift of the Holy Ghost was truly bestowed on those who believed and obeyed his testimony. During his two years' absence he never lacked food, clothing or shelter. Friends were raised up unto him, and he had joy and rejoicing in his labors.

And now, as a parting admonition to his young brethren, ELDER C. would urge them to prepare themselves for the missionary field, and to look upon the calling as the noblest in which they can engage. For what calling can be greater than that of redeeming human souls? Truly none. It is a labor worthy of the Son of God himself, and we should all feel an ardent desire to be co-laborers with Him in the great work of redeeming this world, and its past, present and future inhabitants from the dominion of Satan, the author of darkness, sin and death.

A PURE HEART.—The history of the world teaches no lesson with more impressive solemnity than this: that the only safeguard of a great intellect is a pure heart; that evil no sooner takes possession of the heart than folly commences the conquest of the mind.

PEOPLE who endeavor to attract that attention by dress which they cannot obtain by intrinsic worth, resemble soap bubbles blown by children—the thinnest bubbles show the brightest colors.

MY OWN DEAR MOUNTAIN HOME.

WORDS & MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

Moderato.

VOICE.

ORGAN.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR & BASS.

cres.

f *rit. ad lib.*

ENIGMA.

BY MAGGIE THOMPSON.

I AM composed of nineteen letters:

My 2, 13, 3, 5, 10, is a very useful animal;
 My 14, 15, 16 17, 10, 3, is sawed timber;
 My 16, 13, 18, 19, 10, is a small animal;
 My 12, 1, 14, 6, is a young animal;
 My 7, 19, 6, 11, 4, 9, is a large bird;
 My 8, 2, 10, 17, 10, is a lady's name;
 My whole is the name of a great navigator.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 14 is SANTA CLAUS. We have received correct solutions from Lauritz C. Edwards, Peter Madsen, Gunnison; Maggie Thompson, Alice J. Thompson, Richmond; Eliza M. Wasden, Seipio; Wm. G. Brewer, Henneferville; E. Nielsen, Logan; Eliza V. Christensen, Ephraim; Mary A. Brugh, Emily Cottrell, West Porterville; I. M. Coomb, Jr., G. Coombs, Payson; William H. Laws, Jennie A. Laws, Johnson; Hattie Clough, Cohoes, N. Y.; Charles H. Bliss, Temple Rock Quarry; F. J. W. Hewlett, Josiah Burrows, W. R. Wallace, H. J. Wallace, Jos. H. Kelson, Salt Lake City.

A FAMOUS STATESMAN'S EARLY TRAINING.—When Sir Robert Peel was a little boy, his father used to set him on a table and teach him to make short speeches; and while still very young, he accustomed him to repeat as much of the Sunday's sermon as he could recollect. At first, it is said, the boy found some difficulty, and did not make great progress; but he steadily persevered, and soon attention and perseverance were rewarded, and he was able to repeat the sermon almost word for word. It was in this way that he began to cultivate those powers of memory, which he displayed so brilliantly when, in after life, he became one of the most distinguished statesmen of Great Britain.

WHO WAS JOHN O' GROAT?—The famous John o' Groat—or Johnny Groat, as he is sometimes called—was a Dutchman who went to Scotland at about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and, with his two brothers, settled in a house in Caithness. After some years, the children of the three brothers increased in numbers, until at length there were eight families of the same name. All these were on very pleasant terms with each other, and every year they used to meet in the old house, where John still lived; but it happened that on a certain occasion a dispute arose amongst them, first, as to who should take the head of the table, and next, as to who should go out of the house first. John, anxious to prevent unpleasantness, promised that the next time they visited him he would endeavor to satisfy all of them. So, it is said, he caused a room, with eight sides, each containing a separate door and window, to be built; then, having provided a round oak table in the centre of the room, he assigned one of the sides to each of the families; and in this way, having removed all cause for disagreement as to precedence, he made them pass in and out and sit down! The dwelling was afterwards known as John o' Groat's House; and its name is now familiar because it is generally understood to indicate the most northerly limit of the Scottish mainland, the building having been situated at that point of the country.

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